

A NEW SONG, On PEACE, and CONQUERED BONAPARTE, &c. &c. &c.

Composed by a Loyal British Hero.

HAIL ye British Loyal Heroes, now rejoice every Heart,
We have conquer'd the Tyrant, whose name's Bonaparte;
So far has he gone, (but he cannot go farther),
He's a scourge born to Nations, who blood-shed and Murder.

You know Satan was conquered, and bound down by a chain,
But Bona's banished to Elba, and is there to remain;
Britain, Russia and Prussia have compell'd him to cease,
And thanks to the Almighty, for restoring a good Peace.

They boldly entered Paris, which never was afraid,
Then crown'd Louis the XVIII. and wore the White Cockade;
With white Colors flying, the French joyfully did sing,
Thanks be to the Almighty, for restoring our King.

The Enemy which we're engaged with, now at this present hour,
Those villainous Americans, who sported with our power;
Now their Ports are all blockaded, they can't receive a single Cargo,
Tho' we shew'd them British-play, Sirs, and took off their Embargo.

Our Britons now aware vengeance, and they'll conquer or they'll die,
What People can do more than them, whenever they chuse to try;
Then its now fill up your Bumpers, to your Heroes give a Toast,
Not forgetting that brave Hero, whose name is GEORGE PREVOST.

We'll now follow up right closely, and never may we cease,
Until we've fairly conquer'd them, or gain'd a lasting Peace;
We will settle with those Yankees, with a Receipt all in full,
And compel them for to tremble, at the name of JOHN BULL.

Give ear unto this ditty, and you will see quite plain,
How very easy 'tis for us, America to gain,
For using the resources which our Country can call,
We'll crush their ANTIJACOBINS, their PRESIDENT and ALL.

Long live the KING, may his health, yet remain,
And all his Loyal Subjects, their bravery retain,
BONA has acknowledged Lord WELLINGTON is great,
And as for himself he thinks he's out of date.

I hope this is a warning for the Yankee race,
That no Yankee in Canada will ever shew his face,
For Canadians will fight, they are paid by the King,
And so are the Indians to make the woods ring.

O MADISON, O MADISON, thou art a poor dog,
I hope those few lines your memory to jog,
And as for your partner, she danc'd on the Union Jack,
For her dancing on it, shew'd her sense it did lack.

Of strife and all dissention, Lord, thou dissolve the bands,
And knit the knot of peace and love throughout our lands,
That we may enjoy thy favor and everlasting peace,
And stop the blustering noise of KNOWAN and RUS.

29th August, 1814.